

A Day All in Melancholy Gray Tones, When the Great War Was Only Shown in Symbols

IF ANY ONE doubts the accuracy of the description given in this place yesterday, let him turn to the files of the daily papers before August 1, 1914. Let him for brevity, consult the Literary Digest for August 2 of that year, dealing with events up to the end of July. All the papers quoted deal with the Austro-Serbian struggle, with only faint indications of a wider war, of Entente and Alliance. Editorially, there is mention of the menace. In the news there is next to nothing.

So we come to the first day of August, the day on which Germany and Russia found themselves at war, when France was mobilizing, while it made desperate efforts to treat with Germany. It was the day on which Austria made its first break over Serbian soil, when American tourists began to suffer the lesser rigors of militarism. But of all these things we knew nothing. The first of August was a Saturday, and we went to the shore or joined our families at a mountain resort with only an unwonted perplexity in our minds. It wasn't war that bothered us, but a strange threat, a cloud, not a thunderbolt. Our vision was obscured, but we were not blinded.

That Saturday morning was all in gray. Every measure was precautionary, every event was scanned for a hidden and disastrous meaning. Our banker friends had known for 24 hours what we learned: that the stock exchanges of the whole world had closed their doors simultaneously for the first time in history. We aren't all economists, but we all knew that something serious had happened. "Those boys in Wall street know everything," we figured. "It means bad." We saw that fast enough.

Uncertainty the Word But why did the Hamburg-American Line cancel the sailings of the Vaterland, Amerika, Imperator? Was England coming in? We turned to our reports from England and were as much at sea as the English fleet. The Goodwood races, the Cowes regatta and week-ends occupied British minds. Occasionally a question was asked, so naively as to make us smile today. It was, Can the British fleet protect England from isolation?

Uncertainty was the word. There was a near-panic in wheat, there was the threat of a world strike, there was trouble with our currency. But in the midst of these a terrible thing happened, one which never was given its proper consideration. It was the assassination of Jean Jaures. We who know now that Liebknecht was powerless may speculate on what Jaures would have tried to do in France. But he was taken off, and two years later we are treated to the choice idea that France had him put out of the way to avoid trouble. At the moment the assassination affected us like a thunderstorm when we are in the midst of an unhappy family quarrel. It was an omen.

Remember that all this was before the days of Efficiency and Frightfulness, before our orientation in the war set our hearts so close to the Entente and our faces so firm against Germany. We were appalled, not by human will, but by human folly; we saw only the inevitable. It was too early for blame or praise. We were conscious of forces dragging us and wisdom down, but we did not suspect that all the sanity and wisdom of two generations had prepared those forces and put grappling hooks into their hands. The processes of diplomacy irritated us. In them as practiced by the Teutonic Empire we found the first ground for our faith in England and France, for we slowly began to compare facts, to see that virtually every communication from Germany and Austria was an ultimatum, set a definite time, and that not far ahead, for an answer. We know now what the reason was, can even see that the piling up of Russian and French forces was what ruffled Germany's bright hope of a quick and victorious war. We see now that the doctrine of military necessity justified the sharp words, the impossible conditions, the snarling of the dogs before they were sent on the chase. But in those days we did not know the doctrine of necessity at all.

Not Anti-German One thing we do learn from passing back in this way to the summer of two years ago. We learn that America was not anti-German. If this country had really been Anglicized, the results would have shown in the earliest days. There is not a sign. Even the violation of Belgian neutrality did not move the United States so much. It was only in the days when Louvain burned and terror and misery were let loose on Belgian soil that we began to feel what a horrible wrong had been committed. The people of this country had not learned to think in terms of treaties, of diplomatic representations, of national integrity. We were—we may be still—the most intensely personal nation in the world. Our press, which was never and never could be subsidized, was surprisingly indifferent to causes and to responsibilities. Arch-enemies of Germany now were pointing out her difficulties. One paper in New York which has been the black beast of after the war began, that Germany had gone down on her knees to Russia to prevent war. We make no mention of the name out of professional sympathy, because the editor who penned those words has retracted them, or their spirit, many times since then.

No, we were not pro or anti anything then, except for our furious determination to keep "steady on." We felt out of it—that it was not our quarrel and that there was no justice in it. It was long before we realized what the battle meant, long before we were to see that if there was no justice in the slaughter there was a wild and wanton injustice in its methods. The isolation of America ended in 1914, but August 1 was not the date.

The name of the author is "Morgan." If you cannot give me the information desired, perhaps you can refer me to some authority who can. MARY S. WINDLE. Probably the value of the book could be determined by consulting some authority on books or reputable buyer and seller of trade volumes. It is not possible to give trade advice of this sort in this column, but it is quite possible that private individuals, not in trade, would be interested in the book you describe and might volunteer information concerning its importance.

DIGGING



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"Southerner" Finds the Philadelphia Women are More Discourteous Than "Pennsylvanian" Found the Men—Some Remarks About Thinking

This department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents.

ARE THE LADIES DISCOURTEOUS? To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—in your column "The Voice of the People" in today's issue of your paper I read with interest a letter from "A Pennsylvanian" on "Male Discourtesy" in which the writer calls attention to the fact that the men, especially the young men, of Philadelphia are discourteous to ladies in street cars, in that they remain seated in the cars while ladies stand.

FROM A MAN WHO "THINKS" To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—reasonable frothings may go on the real stuff in Philadelphia, where the majority allows some one else to do its thinking. Even the EVENING LEDGER gives up the exercise of thought and allows partisanship to destroy all decent restraint.

Does the EVENING LEDGER know that election laws are made by the State Legislature, not by the national, and hence this matter of the soldier vote was very properly removed from an appropriation measure?

PROTEST AGAINST ANARCHY To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Now that the world was made to open its eyes by force and made to admit that anarchist members would be none too gentle and would employ any extreme means in gaining their end, as was shown in the case, and signed by "The determined exiles from militaristic Governments—Italy, Germany and Russia."

What is going to prevent their timing a bomb at one of our celebrations, such as a preparedness meeting, parade or, in fact, any affair not in accordance with the anarchist consent and opinion? Would that be impossible? Has it not already happened in San Francisco? Emma Goldman, who had been lecturing the whole of the fore week, has that died attributed to her throat. As later explained by one created. "This is nothing." Maybe he is right. Who can tell? So, my City of Brotherly Love, let us employ some projects to cast fear into the hearts of those whose sole ambitions will terminate in the destruction of American lives, ideas, purposes and undertakings.

How could they have better shown their strength than to have given warning to the newspapers that it would suit the senders, in having all the advocates of preparedness in line to prove they were no cowards and face a likely death, as was the case, and signed by "The determined exiles from militaristic Governments—Italy, Germany and Russia."

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Tom Daly's Column

IF YOU heard a noise this morning like a herd of boys splashing around in the old swimmin' hole it was probably made by a prominent person in Washington chucking over his second saucerful of coffee while he read, in the paper propped up against the silver-plated castor, things like this:

From many parts of the hall rose the cry familiar from the days in Chicago immediately preceding the Republican National Convention. "We want Teddy!"

OVATION ALSO FOR HUGHES The appearance of Mr. Hughes on the platform about 15 minutes later was the signal for a new demonstration, which both in length and intensity equaled, but did not surpass, that bestowed on the Colonel.

Inconsistency Unless his eggs are fresh Bill Gunn Will find a lot of fault! But always, when he's served with one, out with it with a flourish.

More silly traits to Bill belong. Here's one of which we'd speak: Unless a cup of coffee's strong He'll holler for a week.

For the crazy ones on the mad rush after pleasure. Stop, look and listen: "Lightly speeds my boat along, my garments fluttering in the gentle breeze. \* \* \* I grudge the slowness of the dawning day. From afar I descry my old home and joyfully press onward in my haste. The servants rush out to meet me; my children cluster at the gate. There is the olive tree and my chrysanthems. Wine is brought in full bottles and I pour it out in brimming cups. I gaze out at my favorite branches. I loll against the cushions in my newfound freedom. I look at and love again the sweet children on my knee. I lean on my staff and wander about. I sit down to rest. I take pleasure in my garden. Clouds rise unwilling from the bottom of the hills; the weary bird seeks its nest again. Shadows vanish, yet still I linger by my lonely pine. Home once more. In the pure enjoyment of the family circle I will pass my days. I will take pleasure in my garden, cheering my idle hours with lute and book, my spirit free from care."

Sounds like a weary pleasure seeker getting back home from his vacation, doesn't it? Well, it was Tao Yuan Ming who said that in the year of our Lord 365.

MetAVISH.

HANDFUL OF WOMEN'S FINE SILK BATHING SUITS NOW \$2.50. Department Store Ad.

"I used to laugh," says W. S. H., "at the wheeze about a woman carrying her bathing suit in a handbag, but I guess I'm old-fashioned. What is a handbag, anyway?"

Personally we are incompetent to answer, but our happily married friend once told us that any one woman is a handful.

Rich Man—Poor Man My aunt is rich and a miser. A miser and very old. And when the lady dies, her dear kin will get her gold.

Now some are poor and lonesome And some have hearts of gain. But poor-but-rich I own some. Fair castles built in Spain.

The lady died, God rest her! We laid her on the hill. Then gathered to conat her Unsatifery will.

For years we raved and wrangled: Our hopes all went to smash. For, when the case untangled, The lawyers got the cash.

My tale is sad and doleesome. My kin are poor again; But I, I still control some. Fair castles built in Spain.

WILL LOU.

HUPMOBILE KNOCKS FORD CAR INTO A LUMBER PILE—Headlines in Standard Times.

This is correct from any angle. Before folks in these United States began to call timber "lumber," the word meant: "Old or refuse household stuff; things cumbersome, or bulky and useless, or of small value." And before that, according to Trench, a lumber room was the room where the Lombard pawnbroker stored his pledges.

How 'Bout It, Mr. Mayor? Sir—if you want to enjoy about zero in amusement, do a hard day's work this broiling weather, drag your weary feet down the stoveld sidewalk, and with your mind on a tall one with mint sticking out, run into a blast from one of these sidewalk gridirons. Now that the lid is being put on again, why not apply it to these inventions of one devil? M. T.

Mrs. Breitenuff Says: My man doesn't worry me any until he begins to be polite.

What Did All Oscar? Mr. Oscar Endicott, driver of the Oceanville haker was rear fixed in front of Mrs. Bates' house on Monday in an unconscious state. Kind friends carried him in the house and called Dr. Allen, after which he soon recovered consciousness. It being a very sultry day he might have been overborne by the heat.—Port Republic correspondent in Atlantic City Press.

E. F. S. reports this sign on Ninth street, opposite Postoffice: SHOEN HALF SOLD WHILE YOU WAIT IN FIRST CLASS ORDER.

We have no hesitancy whatever in asserting that our August Sale of Furniture, Metal Beds and Bedding to begin on Tuesday, etc.—Department store ad.

The metal beds and bedding, I suppose, insure heavy sleep. A. A.

ANOTHER NOTE That "conscience doth us towards make" We quote with new reluctance—For he who "kept us out of war" Is master of con science. JAY DESEE.

Can One Be Too Polite? Might suggest that Conductor 903 on Route 13 go out to corner to greet each incoming lady. Might even furnish her an umbrella and rubbers when it rains. Really won't that hat tipping and smirking ever wear out? But it gives us amusement and a laugh is worth a lot these days. R. F. P.

So many contrbs have called our attention to "Russia taking Brody" that we've decided to say nothing at all about it.

war. When the war is over the task will be to preserve that aprit and to cut from it the excrescences of jingoism. But the scalpel is not in the hands of internationalists and cannot be.

POLICE, NOT GRAND JURIES, MUST MAINTAIN ORDER

TOUCH the underworld and your hand is on the pulse of the System. In the habitat of the lewd, the desperate, the degenerate and the vicious flow the currents of corruption which men of keener minds, in silk hats and white shirts, direct to their own advantage, organize and capitalize as a political instrument and use to blunt the enthusiasm of high civic endeavor and defeat the purposes of those who love Philadelphia and yearn to scourge corruption from its veins.

Humbling as it must be to all good citizens to have the city's vice paraded about, the fact remains that a thorough cleansing program could be of enormous value to the city eventually. Could the traffickers in vice, the mysterious influences in the background, be brought into the open and their activity exposed, we take it that a reorganization of some sort would be necessary in more than one ward and the trickery which has marked gang election campaigns in the past would not be so apparent in campaigns to come.

Mr. Rotan declares that he has never had so golden an opportunity. That is true. It is the reason why the public is watching the proceedings of the Grand Jury so closely and is prepared to reach conclusions of its own if there is any hitch or any plan to Catalinize the investigation. Back of the Grand Jury is Mr. Rotan. It is up to him to produce the goods, and the only kind of goods worth producing in the circumstances is the men higher up. They are the ones to be exposed, for in them immunity for vice nestles. A minor scapegoat or two is not what the public wants.

Yet it may be doubted if any Grand Jury action could be more than palliative. The key to the problem is in the pocket of the Director of Public Safety, which official holds office at the pleasure of the Mayor. It is not seriously denied, we believe, that for three months or more the city was wide open. Either it was open with the connivance of the Mayor or Director Wilson disobeyed orders. If the latter is true, the Mayor has but one way to clear himself before the community, and that is to fire Mr. Wilson, whether the Vares like it or not. Vice mongers are like mushrooms; they spring up overnight, under favoring conditions. Were a Grand Jury to drain the district white within a week it would be again black as the nether regions under a police force that was acquiescent. Superintendent Robinson avers that he had heard rumors about some men taking graft. That means nothing, but the one big fact that does stand out and that does mean something is that for months the district was wide open, and it could not have been that way one night without the connivance of the police. The police could not have been derelict one night without the knowledge of Director Wilson. Nor is it written in the record of human events that vice, in defiance of law, waves its flaunting banners without paying for the privilege in one form or another.

Director Wilson may have been able to explain to the satisfaction of the Mayor the situation which existed, but he has not explained it to the satisfaction of the public. The Administration calls itself Republican. The kind of Protection the Republican party stands for is the protection of legitimate American industries, not the protection of vice. It might do the Mayor good to let that thought sink in and ring the vacation bell for the official in whose department there seems to have been but a faint realization of responsibility.

The Director under whom vice has thriven is not a director under whom it would hereafter wither.

"AMERICA FIRST AND AMERICA EFFICIENT"

NO MORE scathing arraignment of Democratic incompetence has been made in recent years than was made by Justice Hughes in his speech of acceptance last night. When the Administration has used strong and wise words it has failed to follow them up with decisive action and when it has acted it has bungled irretrievably. It has not been of the same mind for many months at a time on the Mexican question, national preparedness or the tariff, and its course on all these matters has been humiliating to America. Further, its course in the European war has brought the nation into contempt abroad.

More important than his arraignment of the Democracy is his program of positive policies. He declares in most unmistakable terms for a restoration of the protective tariff framed under the advice of trade experts for the purpose of safeguarding American economic independence and preventing the American workman from suffering "in the competitive struggle that is about to come." He believes in adequate preparedness on both land and sea. He demands the development of the merchant marine and opposes compelling our ship-owners to compete with Government-owned vessels. He stands for woman suffrage. He regards our attitude toward the Philippines as one of moral obligation. He stands for civil service reform and for a national budget system. The keynote of the whole address was contained in one of the opening sentences, in which he declared for "America first and America efficient."

The international conference of Socialists, now in session at The Hague, frets itself unnecessarily about its part in peace terms. In a marked way its efforts have passed Socialism by, and its efforts now are to assure a maximum of democratic control over the forces of imperialism. The agitation of half a century in favor of pacifism and internationalism did nothing for Europe, and Socialists of each country ceased to care for their own. The spirit of nationalism has had a splendid revival in spite of the

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY. Charles H. Lodington, Vice President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip R. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors. EDITORIAL BOARD: Cyrus H. Curtis, Chairman; P. H. Widdley, Editor. JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager. Published daily at Federal Bldg., Independence Square, Philadelphia. LUNCH CATERING: Broad and Chestnut Streets. ATLANTIC CITY: Press-Palace Building. NEW YORK: Metropolitan Hotel. PHILADELPHIA: 1220 Ford Building. PITTSBURGH: 1200 Duquesne Hotel. CHICAGO: 1202 Tribune Building. NEWS BUREAU: Washington Bureau: 1115 Riggs Building. New York Bureau: 1115 Times Building. Berlin Bureau: 100 Friedrichstrasse. London Bureau: 100 Strand. Paris Bureau: 32 Rue Louis le Grand. SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, one month, twenty-five cents; one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance. Notice—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address. BELL, 1005 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000. Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia. ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER. THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JUNE WAS 125,808. Philadelphia, Tuesday, August 1, 1916.

Man are never so good or so bad as their opinions.—Machintosh.

No one is allowed to enter or leave Germany after today unless in case of absolute necessity. This rule is supposed to apply to the Allied armies as well as to ordinary travelers.

No opinion ever delivered by Mr. Hughes carried more weight and conviction than that of last night. We surmise that it will be sustained by the Supreme Court, namely, the American electorate.

The Legalist, says a report from Mexico, insist that Carranza's power is fast ebbing, basing part of their claims even on the bullfight in Juarez. Is "bullfight" the courteous Mexican way of referring to note interchanges?

Infantile paralysis in Philadelphia is not so disproportionate as to cause hysteria, but there is plenty of reason for precaution and care. The city has had ample warning in the scourge of New York. Not to profit by it would be criminal.

In discussing the munitions phase of the war a writer says that no blame should be attached to dead Kitchener, England, he says, realized that it was not a one-man war and gave the job to Lloyd George. Thereby confirming the lay opinion that Lloyd George is at least a syndicate.

If Colonel Slocum, commanding the Thirteenth Cavalry, at Columbus, N. M., was not responsible for the escape of Villa after raiding the town, as War Department investigators find, who was responsible? Must we regard Villa as a hood or a whirlwind and classify the destruction which follows his raids as an act of God?

Motor car accidents in Philadelphia since the beginning of the year are responsible for the deaths of 76 persons, nearly three-quarters of the number killed on the Lastrapia. It would have been a monstrous thing, but better for Philadelphia, if the whole number had been killed in one accident, in one slaughter of the innocents, so that the city might be inflamed against the guilty. As it is, each man thanks his stars that he has not been affected and goes on unconscious of a great wrong.

A gain of nine will make the Senate Republican after next March. Chairman Woods, of the Republican Congressional Committee, says that it is reasonably certain that ten and possibly eleven Republicans will be elected to displace Democrats. The terms of seventeen Democrats expire on March 3. The ten States in which the Republican chances vary from probable to certain victory are: Arizona, Maine, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and West Virginia.

While New York has put on her statute books a law which is denounced as militaristic, for training in schools, Philadelphia has found a way to achieve most of the professed objects of the law by a more simple means. Physical training is hereafter to be a regular study, required and credited in promotion. Perhaps the chief benefit of this will be to minimize specialization in collegiate athletics on the part of those who go on. Compulsory swimming is already part of the curriculum in one eastern college. Extension of the idea, carefully planned to avoid injustice, must start with the lower schools.

The death of three troopers on the border is the earliest casualty reported since Philadelphia's interest in Mexico became personal. That bandits should have come close to Fort Stockton and have ventured on an attack are sufficient reasons for keeping the Guard at the border line. But keeping it there is a necessary evil, and the Administration which would emphasize the necessity must eventually take cognizance of the evil itself. Councillor Polk is, therefore, justified in insisting that Mexican internal affairs must be considered at the approaching conference so fully as the relations with this Government. They offer, in fact, the only basis for our relations.

The international conference of Socialists, now in session at The Hague, frets itself unnecessarily about its part in peace terms. In a marked way its efforts have passed Socialism by, and its efforts now are to assure a maximum of democratic control over the forces of imperialism. The agitation of half a century in favor of pacifism and internationalism did nothing for Europe, and Socialists of each country ceased to care for their own. The spirit of nationalism has had a splendid revival in spite of the